

*An introduction to the
big delights of the small press!*

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GIANT-SIZE MINI comics™



**WILD!
WEIRD!
WACKY!**



Larry Marder 1986

the PENUMBRA

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ON THE RACKS

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Scout discovers more about the Colonel as Project Mountain Fire is unleashed!

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 8

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Meet the world's worst Elvis impersonator as the romance between Crossfire and Rainbow advances to the next plateau.

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HI-OCTANE HORROR no. 1

Mr. Monster plays host as he presents three classic horror stories.

DNAgents no. 12

A news reporter is out to prove the DNAgents do not exist and are merely a corporate hoax.

MIRACLEMAN no. 9

The story continues with the birth of Miraclebaby—by Alan Moore, Rick Veitch and Rick Bryant.

NAIVE INTER-DIMENSIONAL

COMMANDO KOALAS

Mammals vs. Marsupials as the Koalas take on the Adolescent Radioactive Black Belt Hamsters.

TOR 3-D no. 2

The second and final issue of the early 1950s classic 3-D set by Joe Kubert.

CLAREMORE, U.S.A. Woke up this morning in room 303 of the Hotel Will Rogers, the tallest building in Claremore, Oklahoma, and home of the famous Radium Water Mineral Baths, "where the world bathes its way to health." During the night we heard the trains running by, blowing long and long as they hit the grade crossings. Down below we left a good old antique oak library table strapped to the top of our car with bungee cords, and knew nobody would steal it. After all, this is what used to be known as Indian Territory, and honesty is as common as courtesy in these parts.

At seven we got our wake-up call and at seven-thirty our complimentary tray of hot coffee, real cream and chocolate mints was delivered to the door. If you like your architecture in the Spanish style and your grand hotel traditions on the economical side, this old place is just for you. By nine-thirty, Althaea and I were up on the sixth floor in the ladies' steam room with a flock of other bathers. From there we progressed to the black sulphurous mineral baths, good for what ails you inside and out. Will Rogers said the Claremore waters would "cure you of everything but being a Democrat." He was right. I'm still afflicted with that particular folly.

After stewing in the dark and Democratic waters until your head spins and your ice cubes run out, it's time for a blanket wrap, and that's what we got. This is followed by a Swedish

massage given by a slim woman who has incredibly strong hands. I didn't quite catch her name, but I think one of the other women, who bathes there regularly, called her Val. In any case, she collects those neat little old glass candy dishes in the form of chickens. Next time I go to Claremore, I'm gonna bring her a red one. That's the one colour she lacks.

I mean it, folks. This is some swell place. The mineral baths cost less than half what they do out in California, and the hotel serves the greatest ham and beans with corn muffins for lunch, after your appetite gets in gear. Heck, they still sell linen-finish postcards for a quarter in the lobby! Oh, did I forget to tell you about the wonderful western wagon light fixtures, streamlined chrome chairs, painted "Indian blanket" motif plaster ceiling moldings and the friendly woman who gave me a copy of an old brochure from the 1930s? If I did, you can slap my wrist and call me careless, 'cause there's nothing short of dragging you there bodily that I wouldn't do to convince you to make this place a stop on your next vacation.

catherine yronwode



WHEN A COMIC INJUSTICE OCCURS,
HANDSOME HARRY HANS PRONOUNCES
JUDGEMENT...



Y'KNOW? I'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D THINK AGAIN ABOUT READING THOSE FUNNIES!

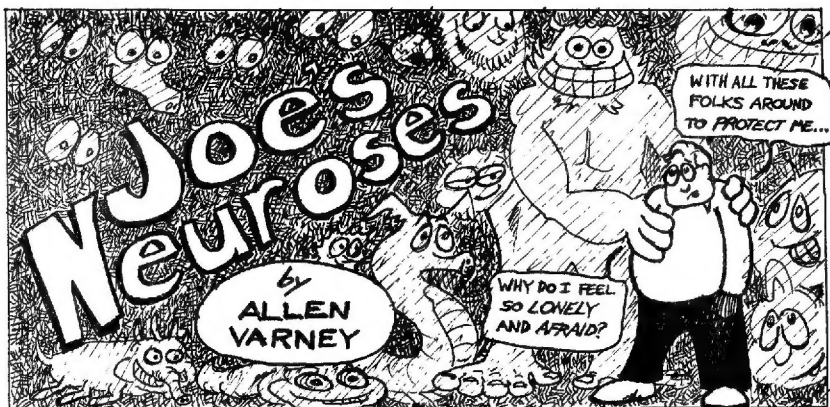
GET LOST, YA FREAK!

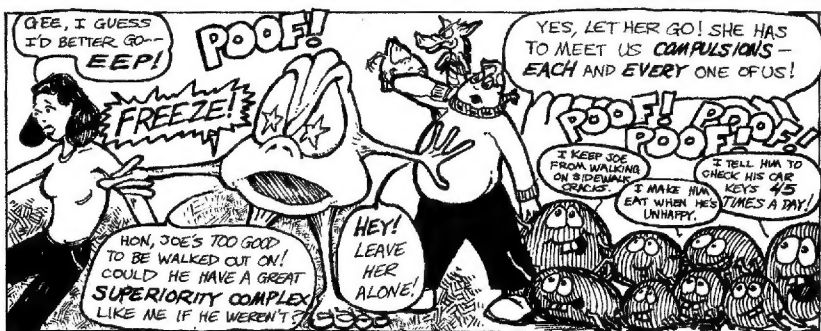
OUTRAGED, H.H. GIVES THE MAN A MIGHTY CLAP!!

THE 'FRED BASSET' WAS PARTICULARLY UP TO PAR.

CLIPPITY CLAPPITY

WHEN YOU WITNESS A COMIC INJUSTICE, TAKE JUSTICE INTO YOUR OWN HANDS!!







AND YOU CAN ONLY BE HAPPY IF YOU
TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE! DON'T LET
YOUR MOTHER PUSH YOU AROUND!



YOU'RE
GONNA
DIE
LAD!

YOU'RE
HISTORY!

THAT WAS *WONDERFUL*, JOE!

I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE I DID IT!



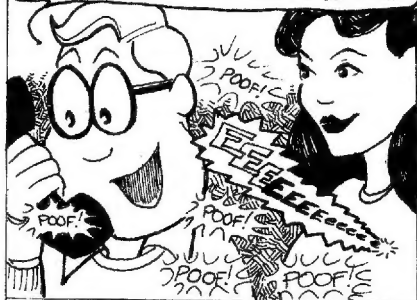
JOE - MY BABY -
UNNNNGHH - GHHHK -
GAHUK - GAAAAAM -
CLUNK!

SHE -- SHE DIED...
BECAUSE OF WHAT
I SAID....

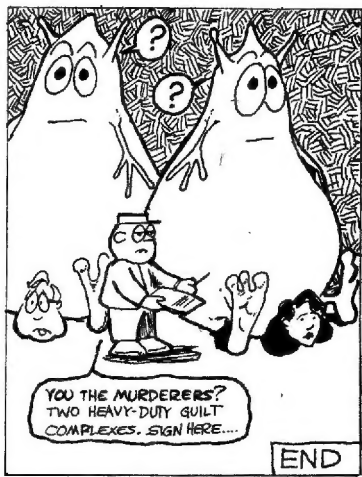
AND -- I TOLD
YOU TO SAY IT....



MOM, LISTEN! I'M SICK OF THE BLIND DATES,
I HATE THE PARTIES, AND I DON'T WANT
YOU RUNNING MY LIFE ANY MORE! I'M NOT A
LITTLE BOY ANY MORE, AND I WON'T ACT LIKE
ONE! I'LL CHOOSE WHO I WANT TO BE WITH!



HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE? IS THIS JOE? THIS IS
YOUR MOTHER'S NURSE AT THE HOME. SHE WAS
TALKING TO YOU WHEN SHE *SHRIEKED* AND
HAD A FATAL *HEART ATTACK!* I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU SAID, BUT I JUST HOPE YOU'RE
HAPPY!



YOU THE MURDERERS?
TWO HEAVY-DUTY GUILT
COMPLEXES. SIGN HERE....

END

UNCA XASPA, the hip insect.

BE COOL, NEPHEWS!
DON'T EAT ANY
HIGHLY-INTELLIGENT
LIFE-FORMS
TODAY, OKAY?

WE
PROMISE,
UNCA
XASPA!

WE ONLY
EAT FROM
PIGINIG
BASKETS!

HERE AM A
PISINIG
BASKET!

YECH!! IT AM
FULL OF PUNY
PEANUT-BUTTER
SAMICHES!!

ME WANT SOMETHING
SMARTER!!!

HERE AM
TASTY
SOMETHING!

?

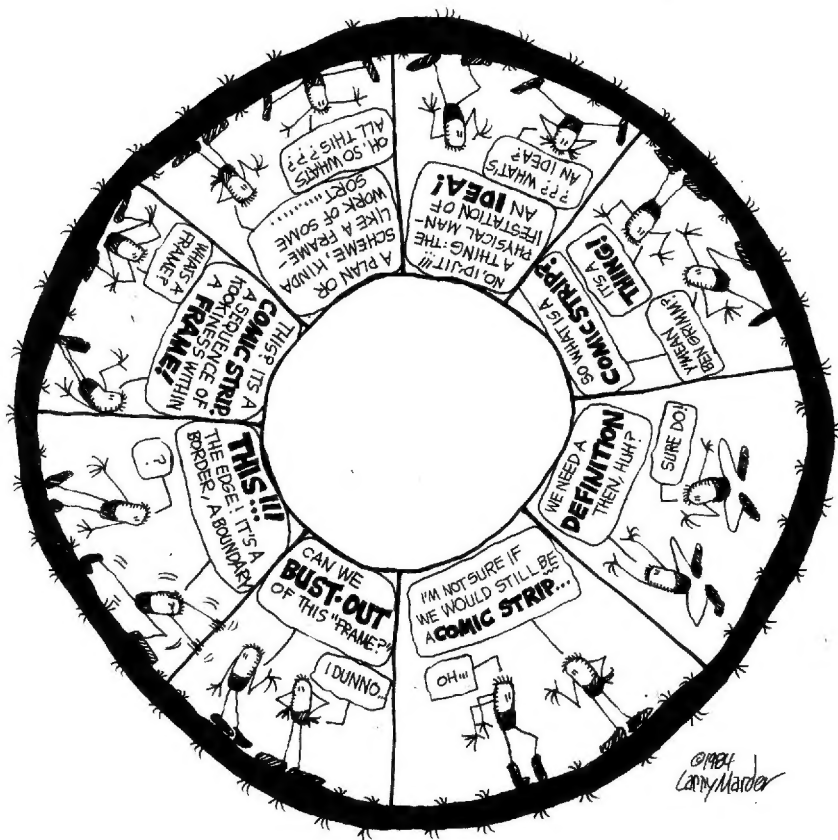
SAY
PRAYERS
POOCH!

WE AM SICK!

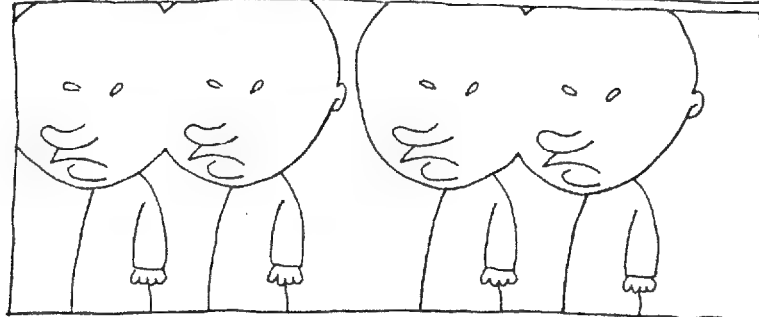
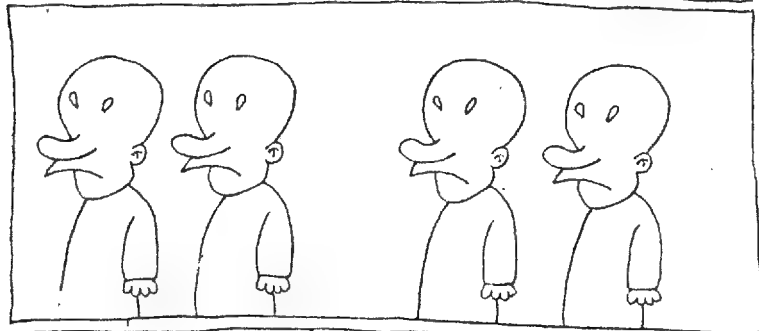
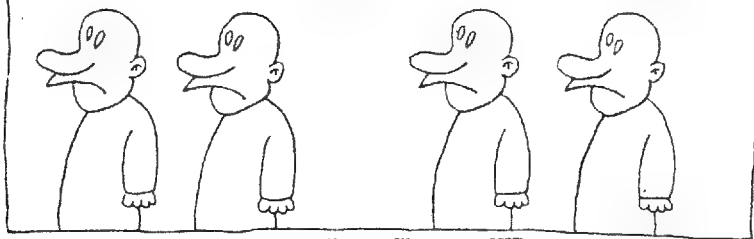
...OH FOOLISH NEPHEWS, HOW UNCOOL!

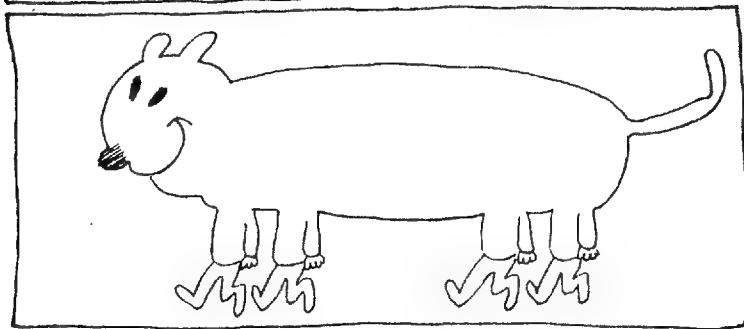
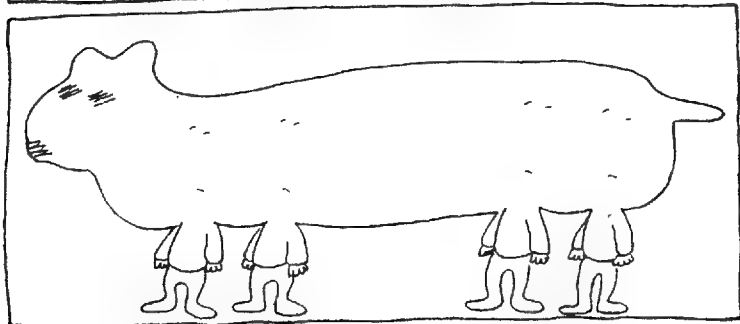
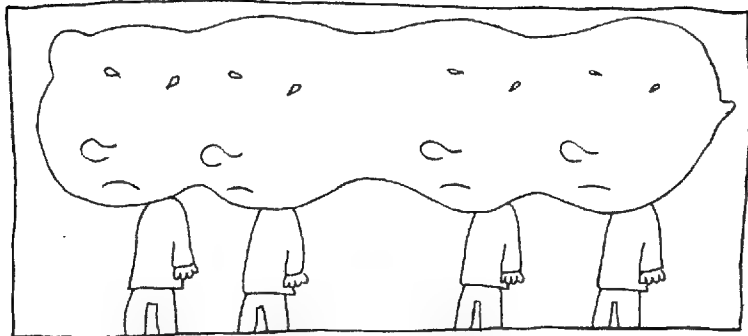
Around like a do-nut?

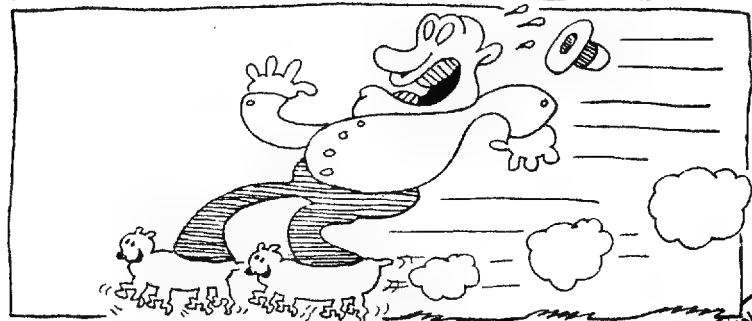
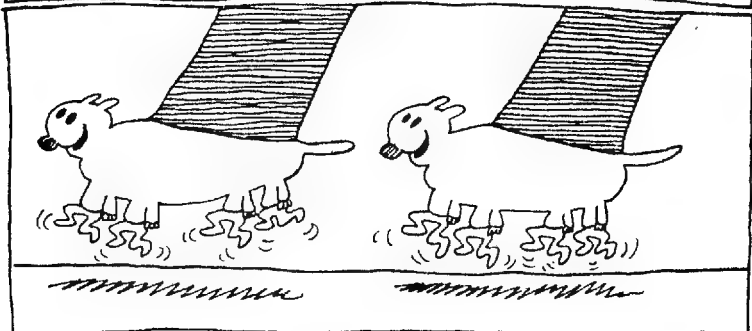
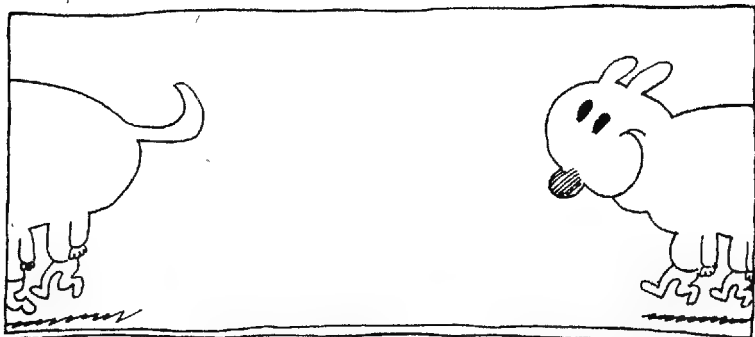
(start wherever you like)



OMNIA MUTANTUR







FINI!

Tales of the Kidney Beanworld



BY MIKE BANNON

EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, MY MOM HAD ME ON A STRICT DIET.

NO MEAL WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT SEVEN AND A HALF POUNDS OF KIDNEY BEANS.

MOM NEVER TOLD ME WHY. I GREW UP WARPED AND TWISTED.

KIDNEY BEANS HAUNTED MY DREAMS.

IT'S BEANS FOR YOU, DEAR.

BEANS ON THE TABLE, LAD.

I'M NOT COMING DOWN.

BUT EVENTUALLY I GREW UP. I WAS FREE.

I COULD EAT ANYTHING I WANTED.

I WAS ONE HAPPY BUCKAROO...

WHAT THE HELL WAS THIS?? A GANG OF ROUGHNECK, HIGHLY-CANNIBALISTIC KIDNEY BEANS???

GIMME SEVEN AND A HALF POUNDS OF CHEESEBURGERS, PLEASE.

...UNTIL THE DAY I SAUNTERED JAUNTILY INTO AN APPARENTLY DESERTED ALLEY...

FOOD ON THE TABLE!

I WAS SURROUNDED!

THEY WOULDN'T GET ME!!!! I NEEDED A WEAPON...

...AND LAID IT ON THE GROUND WHILE THE BEANS WERE TRANSFIXED BY THE CLIPPERS, I GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE.

GAKK!

I CHANGED MY NAME AND HID IN A GARBAGE CAN FOR THREE YEARS.

MOM WAS RIGHT! IT'S THEM OR US!!!

AND I'M NOT PARANOID.

GROWL!

I PULLED OUT MY TRUSTY NAIL CLIPPERS...

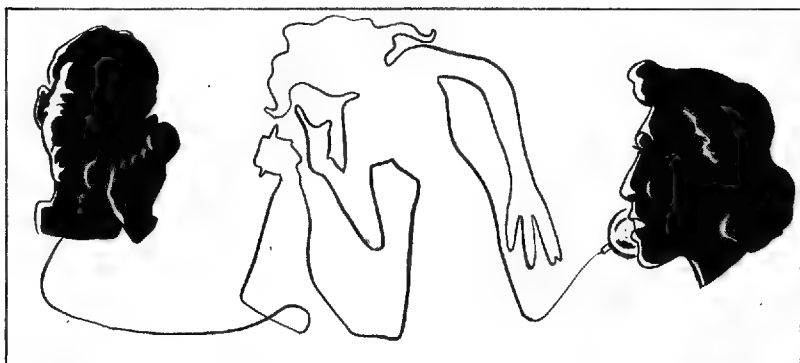
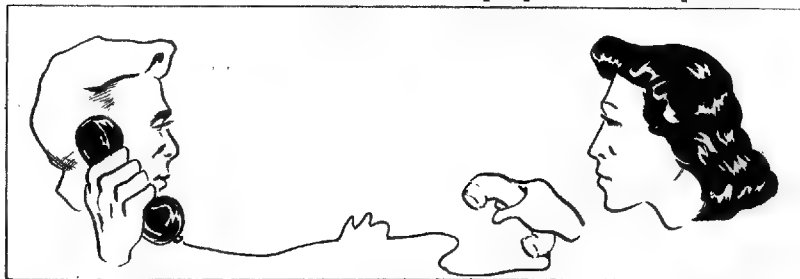
PRETTY

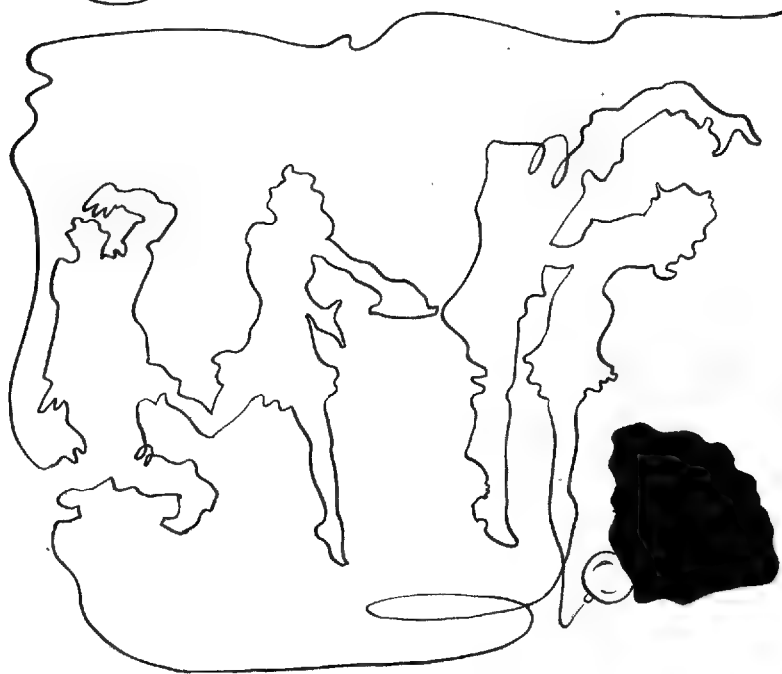
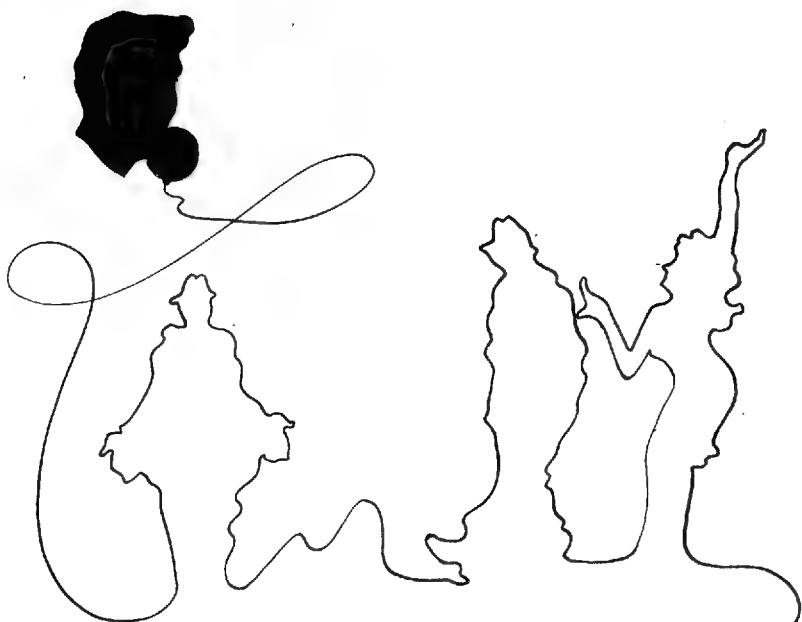
SHINY

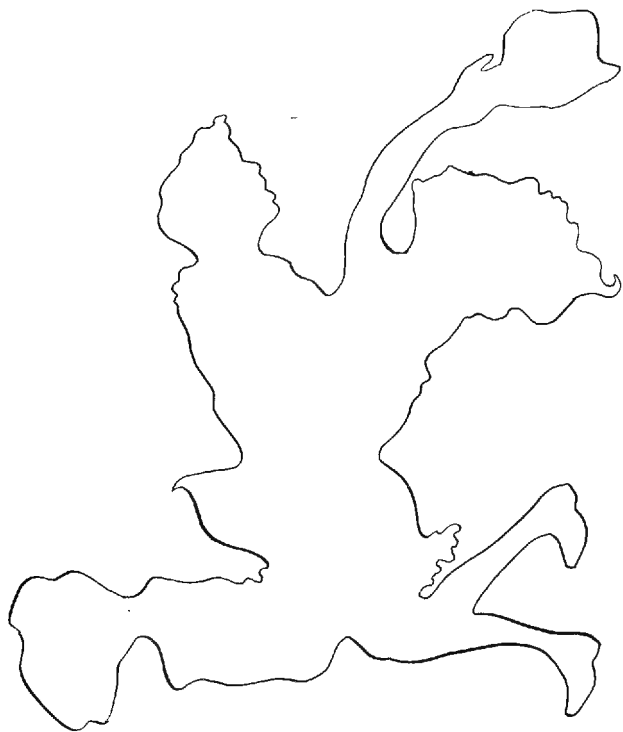
THE END

The CONVERSATION



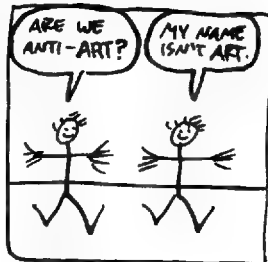
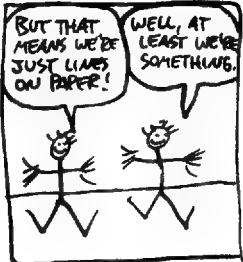
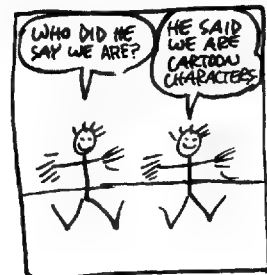
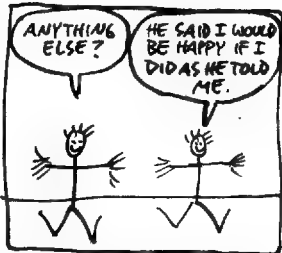
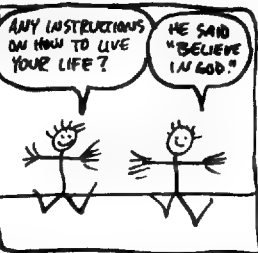
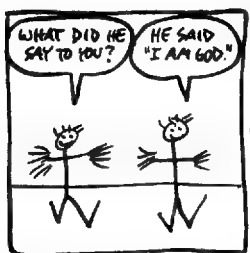
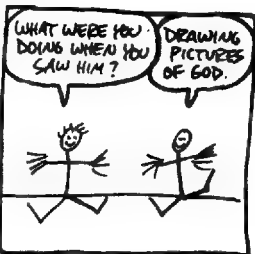
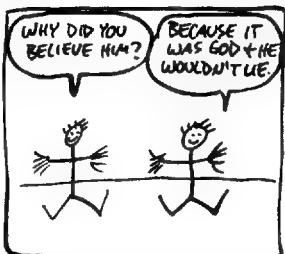
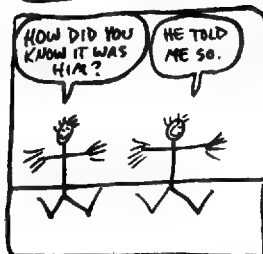
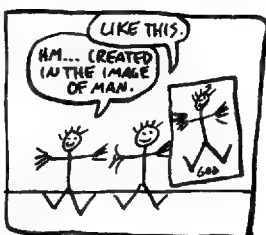
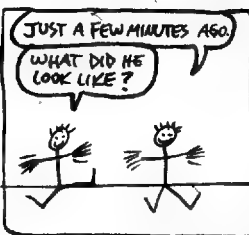






UNCLE ARTHUR

— YER BASIC PRIMER IN EPISTEMOLOGY AN' THEOLOGY —



**WORDS
WORDS
WORDS**

**A DAY CAME WHEN WE SPOKE BEFORE
WE THOUGHT ONE TIME TOO MANY,
AND OUR WORDS GOT AWAY FROM US...**



**SO LONG,
CHUMP!**

THEY TURNED DANGEROUS!!!

**STICKS AND STONES
MAY BREAK MY BONES,
BUT WORDS CAN NEVER...**

URK!!!

RUTABAGA!



**THIS MAN THOUGHT ENOUGH WAS
ENOUGH, AND METHODICALLY
HUNTED DOWN EVERY WORD...**



**AND IN TURN THE PEOPLE WERE
FORCED TO EAT THEIR OWN
WORDS... IT WAS THE ONLY
WAY!**



AFTER THAT, EVERYONE SPOKE IN MUSIC...



AHH... WHATT A BEAUTIFUL
SUNDAY MORNIN'!

NERD.



COME ON! QUIT
STALLING! WE'LL
BE LATE FER
CHURCH!!



SAMURAI NUN

©86 VETKO

IN "IT SLICES, IT DICES"



WOW! I CAN'T
BELIEVE HOW MANY
PEOPLE ARE IN
CHURCH TODAY!!

I WONDER WHY?
IT'S NOT A
HOLIDAY...

I BETCHA IT'S
BECAUSE THE PRIEST
IS SERVING NEW
NACHO FLAVORED
HOSTS!



GREAT!

MMM...

AND BESIDES
WINE, HE'S
ALSO SERVING
CHEESE
DIP

YUM

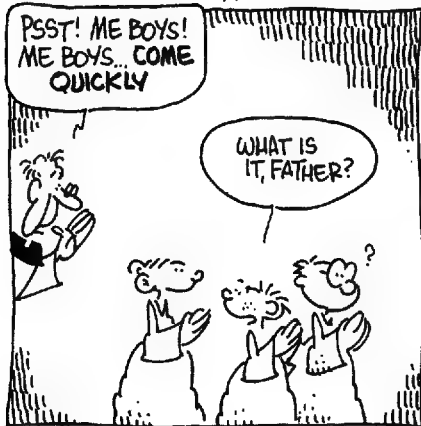
I CAN'T
WAIT!!

GOODY!



PSST! ME BOYS!
ME BOYS... COME
QUICKLY

WHAT IS
IT, FATHER?



LOOK! THE HOSTS ARE STUCK
TOGETHER!!

I'M 'FRAID
SO...

AND I
CAN'T GET
'EM APART



THERE'S OVER
600
PEOPLE IN
CHURCH!!

THEY'LL RIOT IF
THEY DON'T
GET ONE.

WE'RE
DOOMED!

MAYBE NOT! LOOK AT THIS
NEW ISSUE OF **PURGATORY**
PRESS! RIGHT HERE IN THIS
CLASSIFIED AD...

HMM...

IN TROUBLE?
NEED HELP?
FOR FAST RESULTS,
CONTACT ME:

**SAMURAI
NUN**

BY TAPPING A BLACK
PATENT LEATHER SHOE
ON THE GROUND
3 TIMES!

SOUNDS
SILLY.

MAYBE SO, BUT
IT COULD BE
OUR ONLY
HOPE.

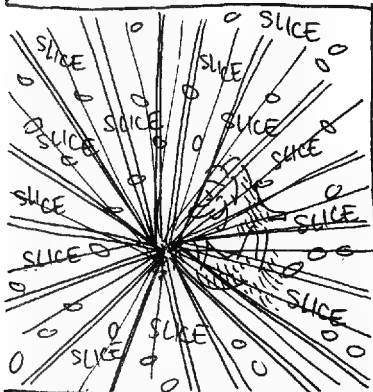
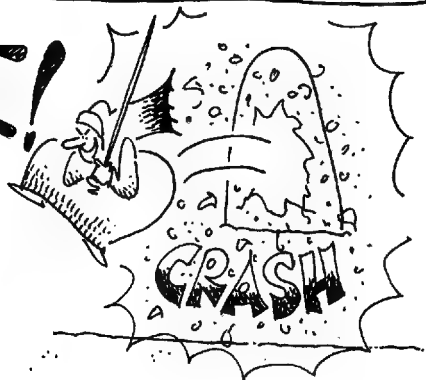
HERE'S ONE
OF SISTER
SISTER'S
SHOES.

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!



EEEEYII!

SHE'S FAST!



SHE DID IT!!

SHE SLICED 'EM ALL!

WAIT! WAIT!
WE'D LIKE TO
THANK YOU!!



SHE
DROPPED
SOMETHING.

WHAT
IS
IT?

HER
BILL.

SHE'S SO
MYSTERIOUS.



FOOD ★ FOR ★ THOUGHT

featuring



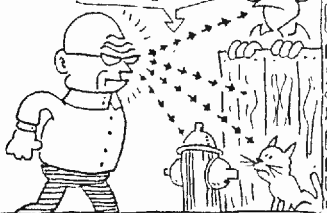
MORTY DOG



OTTO MANIC

OTTO HAD AN ANALYTIC MIND.
HE MENTALLY DISSECTED THE
WORLD AROUND HIM AT ALL
TIMES...

ANALYTIC RAYS
RAPIDLY EMITTING
FROM OTTO



HE WAS VERY PLEASED WITH
HIMSELF ...

I AM VERY PLEASED WITH
MYSELF. I HAVE IT ALL SLICED,
DICED AND CATAGORIZED.



...UNTIL ONE DAY, WHEN HE
CHANCED UPON MORTY THE DOG.

?

HEYA, POPS!
WOOF! WOOF!
How's TRICKS?



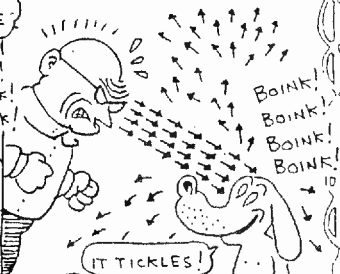
...AND LO AND BEHOLD...

MY SUPERIOR CRANIAL MASS OF
NERVE TISSUE CANNOT PENETRATE
THE DEEPER MEANING OF THE
LITTLE MONGREL !?!

SO HE CONCENTRATED WITH
EVEN MORE POWER...IN VAIN.

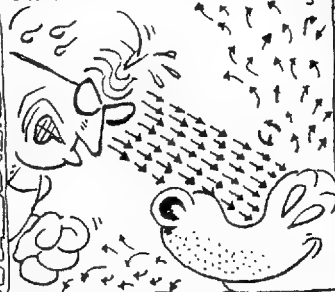
BOINK!
BOINK!
BOINK!

BOINK!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BOINK!



IT TICKLES!

THE HARDER HE TRIED, THE MORE
HE SUFFERED FROM CRANIUM
OVERFLOW...



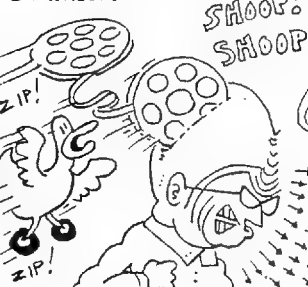
HIS BRAIN ABSORBED EVERYTHING
AROUND HIM!



THESE INCLUDED LITTLE BABIES AND
CATS WITH RABIES...



... OLD FILM REELS AND DUCKS
ON WHEELS...



A CANTALOUPE FROM PAKISTAN,
A NEW YORK CITY ICE CREAM MAN,
OL' SLIM WHITMAN'S SWIMMING POOL,
THE ENTIRE CITY OF LIVERPOOL !!



THE EARTH, THE MOON, THE LAKES,
THE SEAS, STARS AND SUNS
AND GALAXIES !!!



HIS BRAIN ABSORBED EVERY-
THING! EVERYTHING. EXCEPT FOR
MORTY...

I GIVE UP.

PANT!
PANT!

EYOW!!

JAB!

ZOW!

WHIRL!

ZIP!

Swoop!

WHAT TH-?!
NO! STOP!

ZORP!

AND SO MORTY FLOATED ALONE
IN THE VOID, LIVING, AS IT WERE,
IN HIS HEAD....

YAAA!



S.W.
END

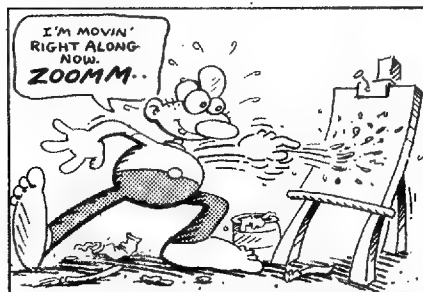
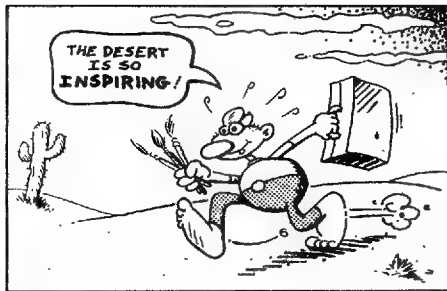
Modern Moe in

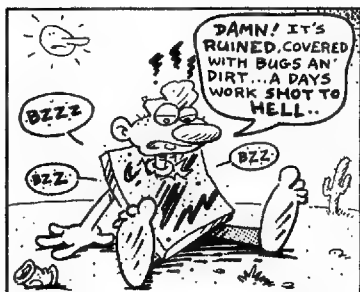
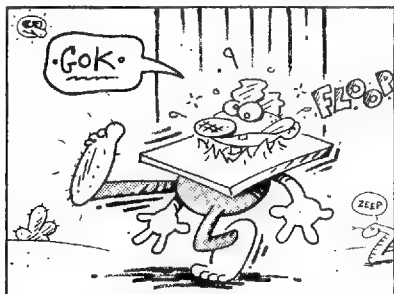
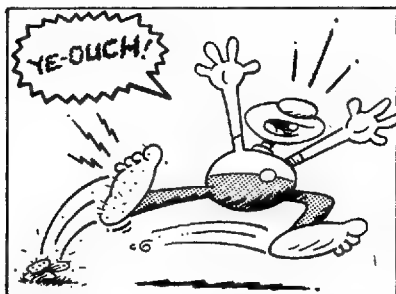
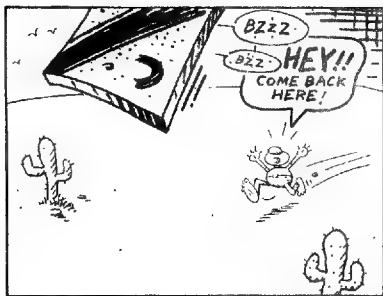
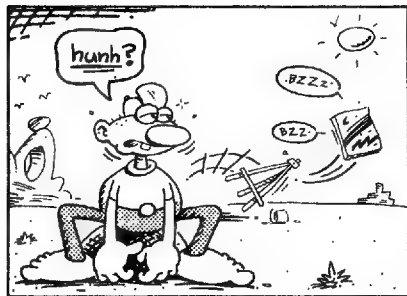


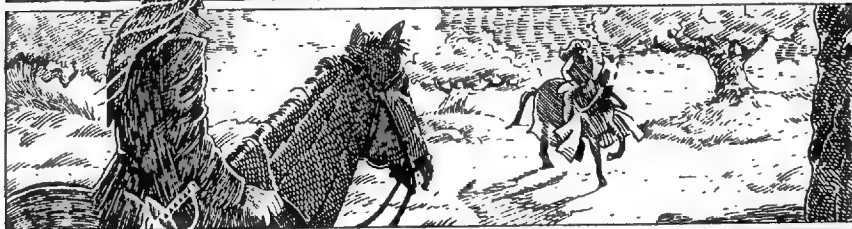
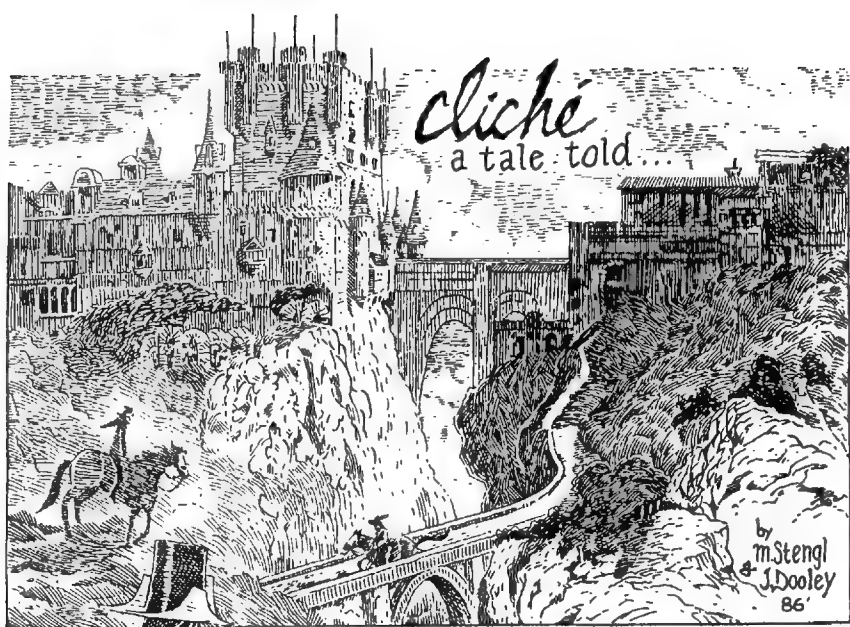
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1980

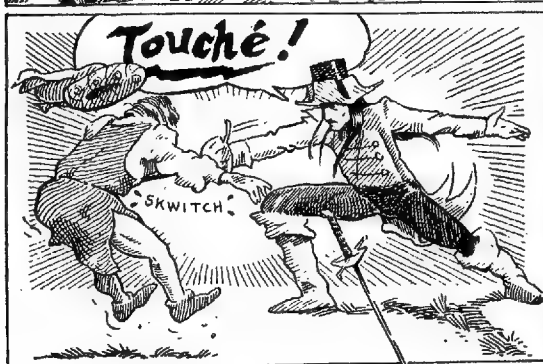
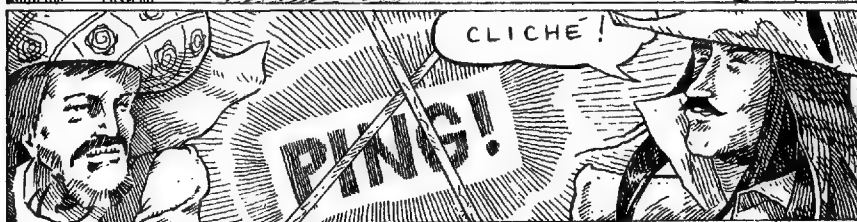
by
Fling N°

"PAINTING GNATURALLY"



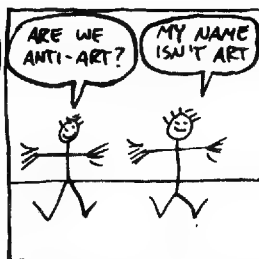
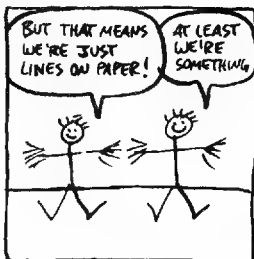
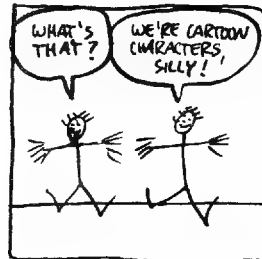
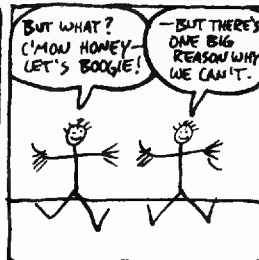
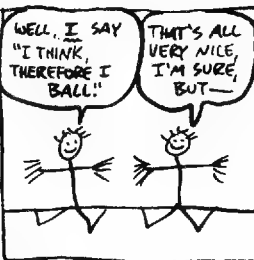
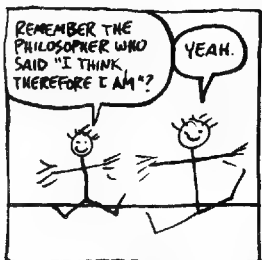
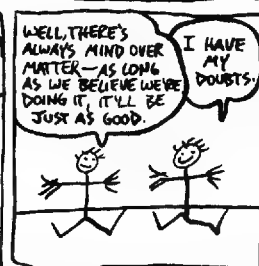
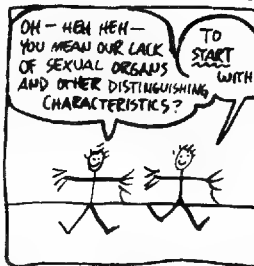
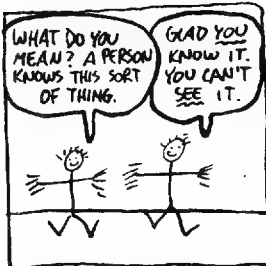
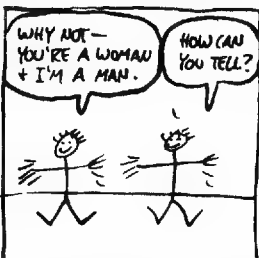
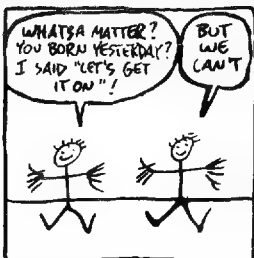
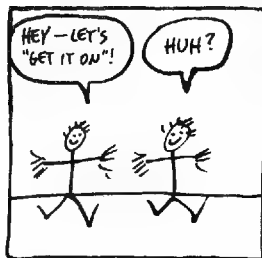






UNCLE ARTHUR

— YER BASIC PRIMER IN EPISTEMOLOGY AN' SEX-EDUCATION —





HEYOKA

THE UPSIDEDOWN AND BACKWARDS PHILOSOPHER

GOODBYE.

YOU MAY NOT
REMEMBER MY
NAME IS NOT
HEYOKA!

I'M NOT A
MYSTERIOUS
KINDA GUY.

**I DON'T
THINK..**

**..THERE
FORE..**

I AIN'T!

ooooops...

I DIDN'T MEAN
TO SAY THAT

POOF

GIANT-SIZE MINI COMMENTS

GIANT-SIZE MINI COMICS is a bi-monthly title. In order for it to be as representative of the small press as possible, Eclipse Publisher Dean Mullaney decided that each issue will be compiled under the direction of a *different* editor. The individual editors have been encouraged to select material that reflects their own point of view.

The book you hold in your mitts is a mixture of old and new material. Some of the contributors are very active in the small press, others hardly do any cartooning these days; some are trying to break into professional comics, others aren't the slightest bit interested in turning "pro."

THE CONVERSATION.

Hank Arakelian, 404 Irving Ave., South Orange, NJ 07079. Hank is 31 years old, and a recent Ph.D. in physics. He's been active in the small press for six years. Hank also creates stained glass, water colors, paintings, and pen and ink drawings. He's had three art shows in New York City. Hank is currently creating an animated film of "The Conversation."

TALES OF THE KIDNEY BEANWORLD.

Mike Bannon, 2453 Martin Dr., Dubuque, IA 52001. "I was born June 14, 1963, in Dubuque, Iowa. Accept no substitutes. I'm not sure I have any particular art influences—I like anyone who likes to draw and doesn't screw up too often. My first publication in comics was a four-page back-up in *Cerebus* #58. I've been working on *To Be Announced* since early 1985. The fourth issue should have appeared by the time *Giant-Size Mini Comics* #1 appears. I'm hoping to one day own a cat."

MODERN MOE*

George Erling, RD #1, Box 334; Franklin, NJ 07416. George was born and raised in New Jersey. In the late 70's and early 80's he was extremely active in the small press explosion. Currently he is the central mailer for *Cartoon Loonacy*, an apazine for cartoonists. (Fellow contributors Willis, Vojtko and Marder are members.)

AROUND LIKE A DONUT*, UNCLE XASPA*, HEYOKA*.

Larry Marder, 7060 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago, IL 60626. "I'm 35 years old. I work full time at a Chicago Advertising Agency. In my 'spare time' I produce *Tales of the Beanworld*, a most peculiar comic book experience. Amongst other things, I am an armchair anthropologist."

BORN TO CLAP*, CLICHE.

Stengl & Dooley, Box 568, Trinidad, CA 95570. Mike (Arter) Stengl and Jhon (Writist) Dooley are a creative team. They have worked together for about six years. Their credits include *Velvet Magazine*, *Today's Animal News* and *Easy Rider*. "We joined *Comix Wave* just preceding San Diego Con '85. 'Born to Clap' was our first mini. A new 'Born to Clap' story will appear in *Giant-Size Mini Comics* #4."

JOE'S NEUROSES.

Allen Varney, 1817 E. Oltorf, #1006, Austin, TX 78741. Allen Varney works for Steve Jackson

Games in Austin, Texas. His credits in the adventure game industry include *Space Games Magazine*, the games *GLOBBO* and *Necromancer* (the latter named to *Games Magazine's* 1984 "Games 100" list of the editors' favorite games), and roleplaying adventures for *TOON*, *Paranoia*, and *Ghostbusters*.

SAMURAI NUN.

Vojtko, 1002 Dakota Ave., Lorain, OH 44052. "I work full time as a Customer Service Manager at a FINAST Supermarket (it used to be Pick-N-Pay) at the Great Northern Mall. The rest of my time is spent on magazine cartooning. So far I've sold to *Saturday Evening Post*, *National Enquirer*, *Penthouse*, *Easyriders*, *Good Housekeeping*, and many other newsstand publications and trade journals, including 'Viewsbreak' to CBG. So it's never a dull moment here. The only problem I have is finding time to sleep."

UNCLE ARTHUR.

Rick Weil, 5648 S. Kimbark, Chicago, IL 60637. Rick teaches social theory and political sociology at the University of Chicago. In 1962, at age 11, he and Larry Marder published a 20-page comic called *The Brawn and the Brain*. As an undergraduate he cartooned for the Harvard *Lampoon* and *Crimson*. The "Uncle Arthur" strips were originally silk screen posters handed out free on the streets of Chicago in 1973-4. Rick wishes he could say that he is still cartooning, but he finds he can't do it casually—and he never could doodle.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT*, WORDS, WORDS, WORDS*, OMNIA MUTANTUR*.

Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163. Born and bred in Washington State. Married to a beautiful redheaded crazy woman. Catalog librarian by profession. Been self-publishing comics and comix since the late 1960's. First "pre-newave" style comic was published in 1973. Part of the "Evergreen Mafia" school of cartoonists (circa 1975-77) which also includes Matt Groening, Charles Burns and Lynda Barry. Have published and appeared in more comics than I can count. Goal in life is to kill Morty the Dog.

I hope you'll agree that this issue consists of an interesting mix of creative talent. There is a *spirit* exhibited here that strikes a chord in my heart. Each cartoonist has something *unique* to say. They're all trying to make you *THINK*, stretch your imagination, and experience the possibilities of the cartoon medium!

Future issues of *GIANT-SIZE MINI COMICS* will be edited as follows: No. 2, Matt (*Cynicalman*) Feazell; No. 3, Jay (Cartoon Editor for *Esquire*) Kennedy; and No. 4, Paul (*Micro-Comics*) Curtis. Have a ball, fellas.

With a Hoo-Hoo-Ha & a Hoka-Hoka-Hey,

Larry Marder

We're getting better all the time!

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—ALAN MOORE

BEST ARTIST
—P. CRAIG RUSSELL

BEST FINITE SERIES
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BEST GRAPHIC ALBUM
—ROCKETEER

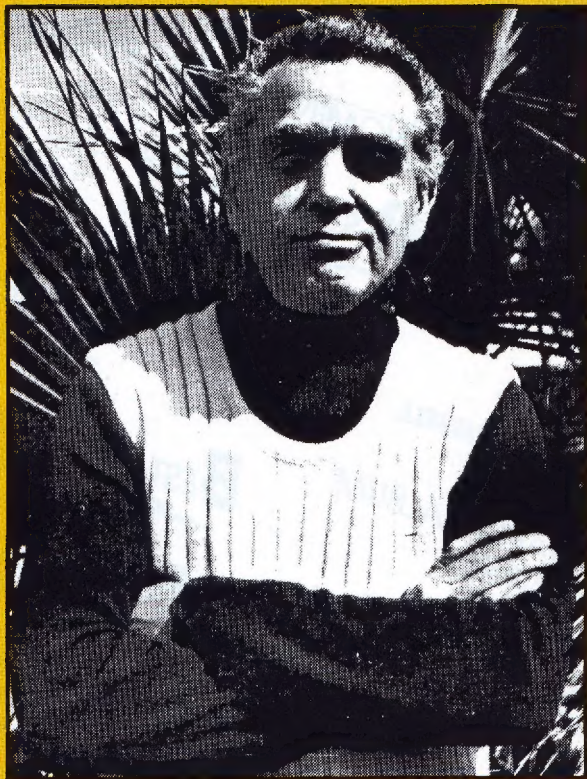
BEST SINGLE ISSUE
—MIRACLEMAN #1

BEST SERIES
—MIRACLEMAN

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALAN DAVIS, MICHAEL T. GILBERT,
GARRY LEACH, WILLIAM MESNER-LOEBS, ALAN MOORE,
P. CRAIG RUSSELL, DAVE STEVENS AND TIMOTHY TRUMAN
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MARVEL COMICS' 25th ANNIVERSARY



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